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THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things
Present, Past and Future.

While there are some discrepancies about the date of Johann Gutenberg's birth, it is certain that he was born about 1410 at Mainz, Germany, (now written Mentz). Last week at Mentz there was a celebration in honor of the five hundredth anniversary of Gutenberg's birth. All the nations of the world were represented there, commemorating the birth of the man who invented the art of printing. He was the first to make wooden type and afterwards cast the first metal type. It is said that for twenty years he applied his energies secretly to the production of moulds for casting metal type; and that while this was done nearly five hundred years ago, the essential features of type moulds to-day are about the same as were those used by Gutenberg at Mainz and Strasbourg.

Gutenberg's first book printed from type was the Bible, and this was achieved far on towards the middle of his life. The Archbishop of Mentz in 1468 proclaimed that printing from type and the distribution of books and pamphlets, was the work of the devil and meant the spiritual ruin of the human race.

Poor Gutenberg had the ups and downs like printers have had all through the centuries that have followed. He was harassed by financial embarrassments almost all his life. He died in 1468, under sixty years of age, doubtless worn out by the toils which set to work one of the finest and most progressive arts known to man. He died childless, penniless and almost friendless. It seems ironical indeed that the man who brought forth one of the greatest benefactors for the world should have been displaced while he lived but five hundred years later the whole world should unite in erecting a bronze statue to his memory in the town of his birth and where he achieved so much for the blessing of the human race.

Such incidents remind one of the hideous, hateful fact that many times the world's best and greatest are not appreciated until after they are dead. And this applies to life about us every day now. These reflections call up the lines:

"Seven Grecian cities warred for Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

In a recent number of the Saturday Evening Post there was an interesting article on "Athletics in the future of the nation," by Eugene Lamb Richards. It presented the advantageous side of athletic sports, but concluded with the following paragraph on extravagance of such sports:

"The tendency to extravagance in expenditure, though not existing to the extent often asserted, does nevertheless exist. The importance of college sport in a financial light will be revealed to many persons who fail to comprehend it in any other way. At Yale the total expenses of all the sports were, for the season of 1896-7, \$43,625.25; for 1897-8, \$61,685.33; for 1898-9, \$55,384.21. Since for the seasons of 1897-8 and 1898-9 there were unusual outlays on the athletic field, particularly so in 1897-8, the expenses for 1896-7 would be nearer the average yearly cost of the sports. \$43,625.25 represents the largest at four per cent. of an invested capital of \$1,090,731.25. That amount is greater than one-fifth of the total permanent funds of the University, viz., \$4,564,829.45, as given in the report of the treasurer for the year ending July 31, 1899. In 1881-2 the total expenses for the athletic sports were \$17,476.04. There was, therefore, an increase of one hundred and forty-nine per cent. in the expenses during the period between the two seasons. During the same period there was an increase in membership at the University of one hundred and thirty-nine per cent. The difference between the two percentages does not show a greatly increased tendency to extravagance. But, nevertheless, it is idle to deny that there is extravagance that ought to be checked. There is a very general feeling, even in the student body, that this evil should be remedied. It is largely owing to the prevalence of this feeling that a movement is on foot to make the officer here known as the Graduate Treasurer of the Financial Union (a body which handles the income of the college sports) also an appointee of the Faculty, authorized to supervise the accounts and to check unnecessary expense. When this movement is completed it will put an end to the only evil which threatens the integrity of college sport."

LET'S LEARN IT.

WE WORRY TOO MUCH.

That is What the Philosopher
Has to Say.

Fret not thyself because of evil doers.
Fret not thyself against him who deviseth iniquity.

Trust in the Lord and do good.
Wait on the Lord.

Those are good sermons and there are others like them in David and Solomon. A man can shorten his life and wear himself out by borrowing trouble, and fretting and worrying about the iniquity of other people. There is a sight of devilment going on—more than ever before, I reckon—more war, famine, pestilence, unrest and discontent all over the world, and here in our blessed land crime is on the increase in our cities, and what with the negro and the corruption of politics and the strikes as side-shows there is enough to run a worrying man crazy. Of course we should feel concerned about crime and do all we can to prevent it, but worrying does not accomplish anything. Let us preach and practice and be happy still. "Carpe Diem," enjoy the day say the poet. Why can't everybody in the country be as contented and law-abiding as our people here in North Carolina. There are no murders, no outrages, no lynchings, no fights here in Bartow county. There are no divorces nor burglaries, and no stealing of any consequence. A good old antebellum darkey did come to see the other day to get me to sign his son's bond to get him out of jail. "What is he in there for?"

said I. "Well, boss you see de man's corn was missin' and he find de basket at Jim's house, but he didn't find no corn. But Jim aint 'cused of stealin' de basket." "The basket is to be the witness, I reckon," said I. "Jes so, boss—dat's all—and de basket can't talk and tell how it got dar."

I was ruminating how easy it is for some well men to make a fat living in this region. During harvest a good worker, white or black, gets one dollar a day, and at other times seventy-five cents a day, and there is a demand for labor. Uncle Sam is very old, but he gets seventy-five cents every day for working around in the gardens. His four girls cook and wash and each makes about two dollars a week. There is about twelve dollars a week earned by that family and they are always happy and don't give themselves any concern about politics or social equality or Bishop Turner or Booker Washington. It is the high strung lazy negroes who are making all the fuss. Now, just contrast the condition of laborers here and in other countries. In India they are starving by the million. In the Philippines and South Africa they are fighting and dying in battle or from disease and pestilence. In Germany a peasant is rich if he has two or three acres of land, and his wife and daughters carry heavy loads of vegetables on their back to market, while the sons are serving in the army. In Italy the poor work in malarial swamps or beg in Naples. In Mexico the peons get 37½ cents a day in Mexican silver, which is worth about half as much as ours. In England the poor are kept alive by charity and in Ireland the peasantry lose a crop about every third year and the little children go hungry and in rags. What is the matter with our people? Why don't they quit fussing—quit envying the rich? Why not lift up their voices and thank the Lord for His mercy and goodness unto us? A diligent man or woman can live for five or six months from a good garden—and besides the garden the country abounds in fruit. Peaches, apples, grapes, blackberries, dewberries and huckleberries. I never saw the like. From our own garden we can have eight different vegetables every day besides berries for a dessert. It makes me proud to gather them and show them round the family before breakfast, for it is my garden. I dressed it like old Farther Adam did Eden. I'm still the boy, I am the man with the hoe and I don't esteem it any hardship, either. Mr. Markham needn't preach his foolishness to me, nor do I like the tone of that picture—a pitiful man leaning on his hoe and bemoaning his hard lot. Work, labor, toll, sweat, is the common lot and they are the happiest who do it. Solomon said the sleep of the laboring man is sweet. I love to work with the hoe. I love to get all over in a perspiration. It opens the pores and saves medicine. I love the smiles of approval when I find a new brown rose and bring it to Mrs. Arp and hear her say "Isn't it beautiful?"

She reached me gently yesterday for cutting down her poke stalk down by the garden fence. She said she liked to look at it when the berries were ripe, for it reminded her of the home of her happy childhood, when she and her little brothers used to pick the berries and make red paint from them and paint dogs and cats and monkeys on the smokehouse and dairy. Well, there is another one coming and I will let that grow for her sake. I want to see her painting dogs on our smokehouse. They remind me of the time when Polk ran against Clay for president and every farmer Democrat who came to town brought a poke stalk with berries on it sticking up in his wagon or dangling between the horse's ears. It used to make the Henry Clay Whigs mighty mad. I remember that Dr. Jim Alexander and Gib Wright got so mad they liked to have used bad words. They turned red in the face and then their hair turned red and Dr. Jim's is red yet. An old hulk Whig never recovered from Clay's defeat and to this day they cut out every poke berry bush on their plantations.

Tomorrow is my birthday and I know from the signs that my wife and the girls are fixing up a surprise for me—some little thing. I suspect it is a table for me to write upon, for the old one is rickety, but I'm attached to it. It is the second one that I have worn out with my ruminations of forty years. Those birthdays keep on coming, especially in this leafy month of June—for my mother, my wife, myself, my daughter, my grandson and granddaughter were all born in June. Not long ago I gave a problem to the young people about my wife's age and scores of answers have come from them—most of them from school girls about twelve years of age. Their solutions are in algebra and are neatly done. When my wife was two weeks old I was six years. You see I took her so young so as to train her up my notion, but you can't always tell. First thing I knew she was training me. I have long observed that girls are smarter in figures than boys of their age. I know that it always strained my mind to keep up with my girl classmates. After all of the modern methods and improved conditions I do not see any difference in the intelligence or quickness of school children now and those of sixty years ago. I believe that young people were happier intellectually then than now, for they had less trash to read and no harrowing things in newspapers. There we read Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Scott, Byron, Goldsmith, Cooper etc. Now it is some foolishness by some sensational writer whose works are read and then forgotten. I noted the other day a moralizing writer's recipe for keeping the spirits up without pouring the spirits down. He says: "Read a fine poem every day. Look every day upon a fine painting. Hear every day some fine music. Forget every day your enemies and remember every day your friends and the man or woman who follows this rule is bound to be a Christian." That's good—and Dr. Johnson said that "to look upon and love a fair and virtuous woman is a liberal education." That's better.

BILL ARP.

What I Live For.

BY GEORGE LINNAEUS BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Keep truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The who's world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

She Reaches Her 80th Birthday.

A MOST WONDERFUL WOMAN.

New York Times.

Florence Nightingale, whose lifework of mercy has made her name a household word in all parts of the world, has just had her eightieth birthday. She has lived for many years past in a quiet spot in the west of London, in a modest house, whose every room is filled with the tokens of esteem that have been showered upon her, both by governments and individuals, belonging alike to the Old World and the New. Born in 1820 in the city of Florence, from which she derived her name, she is the younger daughter of a Sheffield banker named Shone, who adopted the name of Nightingale in accordance with the terms of the will of one Peter Nightingale, whose property fell to Shone. Born thus to wealth and influence, she received every advantage which money and education could supply, becoming not only versed in ancient languages, an ardent student of the higher mathematics and the sciences, but proficient in French, German and Italian, which she spoke as her own tongue.

However, she early turned to what was her lifework—the care of the sick—and during a period of thirteen years devoted her attention and energy to the organization and improvement of hospitals, visiting all the hospitals of London, Edinburgh and Dublin; all the hospitals of Paris, where she studied with the Sisters of Charity; the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses, at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, where she was twice in training as a nurse; the hospitals at Berlin and others in Germany; at Lyons, Brussels, Rome, Constantinople and Alexandria, and the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians. In 1851 she took charge of a home for infirm and invalid governesses in London.

Her wonderful work during the Crimean war was rewarded by the thanks of the Queen and of Parliament and by a fund of \$250,000, to which all classes contributed, every soldier in the army giving a day's pay.

This testimonial was accepted, but the recipient arranged that every cent of the fund should be used to establish and maintain an institution for the training of nurses and hospital attendants. The result was the Florence Nightingale School for Nurses in Hanley street, London. For many years its founder personally superintended the school. Most of the time since her return from the Crimea Miss Nightingale has been a confirmed invalid, but ill health has, in her case, induced no cessation of good works. She has found a way to write two books on the subject of nursing, and her advice, sought by the war departments of every country, has been the basis of modern hospital and ambulance work in war. Indeed, the famous Geneva Convention was the direct and logical fruit of her labors in the East, and now its red cross, gleaming on every battle field, is, in a sense, a monument to "the lady with the lamp."

How Lincoln Won His Wife.

Thomas Lewis in Leslie's Weekly.

Mr. Lincoln used to take great delight in telling how he gained a knife by his looks. That has been published, but I have not seen another in print telling how he gained his wife. Mrs. Lincoln was a beautiful lady, attractive, sharp, witty and relished a joke even at her own expense. She was staying with her sister, Mrs. Edwards. She had not been there long before everybody knew Miss Mary Todd. She often said: "When a girl I thought I would not marry until I could get one of the handsomest men in the country, but since I became a woman I learned I can't get such a man, which has caused me to change my mind. I have concluded now to marry the ugliest man I can find."

Later on Lincoln came to the town. She had never seen him before she met him on the street. She was told who he was and went home and told her sister she had seen her man, "the ugliest man I ever saw, Abraham Lincoln, and I am going to set my cap for him."

That became a common saying in the street gossip. When they were married, instead of taking a bridal trip, they went to Globe hotel, owned by the writer and occupied by a tenant. They took board at \$4 a week. When he got able, he bought a lot for \$200 and built a four room house; costing less than 1,000. When he received \$5,000 from his great railroad case, he spent \$1,500 of it in putting a second story on his house, and there he lived until he went to Washington.

The One Day Gold Cure.

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A stirring campaign song, dedicated to Hon. Claude Kitchin, Democratic nominee for Congress, Second District.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PAUL JONES.

Come, rally 'round that good old Flag,
Ye boys of Southern name,
Our Fathers by it oft have stood,
And we can do the same.
They fought for what they thought was right,
They've faced the fire and flame,
They've conquered, too, and won the prize.

And we will do the same.
The foe is advancing on us,
Hark, hear their battle cry:
"Death, death to the Amendment
And White Supremacy!"

CHORUS.

Tis up and at 'em, Southern lads,
Old Carolina's Pride,
We'll fight and battle for the right,
We'll stem the August tide.

We want an iron nerve, my lads,
Democracy must win,
For if we lose the fight this year
The "nigger" will stay in.
So pull together strong, my lads,
Be steady, firm and true,
We'll elect Aycock Governor,
And Claudius Kitchin, too.
Hark, hear their battle cry:
"Death, death to the Amendment,
And White Supremacy!"

CHORUS.

Tis up and at 'em, Southern lads,
Old Carolina's Pride,
We'll fight and battle for the right,
We'll stem the August tide.

Old Edgecombe stands to do her part,
As she has always done.
Within her borders white men rule,
Though the foe is two to one.
And when the battle's ended, lads,
And victory has been won,
We'll raise the anthem loud of praise:
"Well done, my lads, well done."

The foe is advancing on us,
Hark, hear their battle cry:
"Death, death to the Amendment,
And White Supremacy!"

CHORUS.

Tis up and at 'em, Southern lads,
Old Carolina's Pride,
We'll fight and battle for the right,
We'll stem the August tide.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also a convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What To Do.
There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and \$1. sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

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Lv. Rocky Mt.	...1 05	9 52						6 57			
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Lv. Fayetteville	4 30	12 22									
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